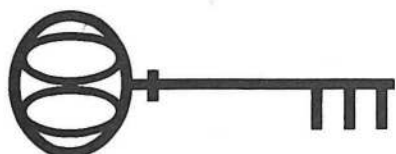
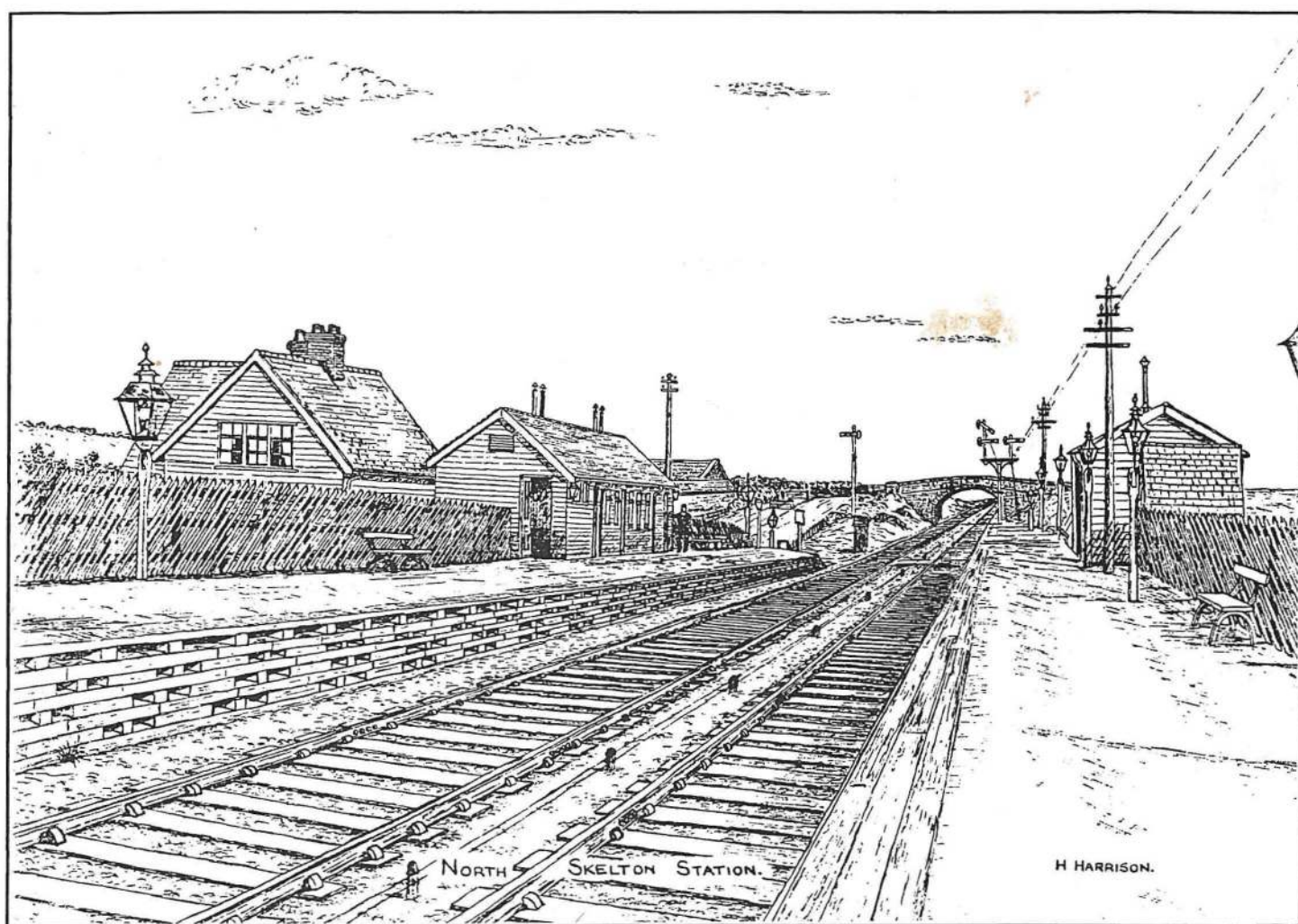


THE KEY



A NEWSPAPER FOR NORTH SKELTON & LAYLAND



This sketch of North Skelton Railway Station was drawn by Harold 'Pip' Harrison. The view of the station is looking north towards Saltburn - the bridge is the one which still spans the existing railway carrying the access road to Skelton Industrial Estate. The Station House on the left is the present residence of Mr Ken Peattie and his wife Edith. The line is now just a single one used by Boulby Potash Mine. An article with more details of the station will appear in a future edition of 'The Key'.

Editorial

Thank you to readers in all local villages for your most generous donations and thank you to the three people from North Skelton who gave me a donation.

In April I had a lovely evening at the T.A.D. Centre in Middlesbrough. I was awarded a grant of £1,000, the donators being Cleveland Community Foundation and Quality Care Homes - thank you so much!

I apologise to the ladies and gentlemen who badly wanted the 17th Edition of 'The Key' and couldn't have one - this copy went very quickly. That is why I keep on stressing to you all - "PASS IT ON OR GIVE ME IT BACK!"

The articles on Brian Payne and Ground Hill brought more comments and phone calls than any other articles since 'The Key' was first published. Thanks to Brian Payne, I recently spent a wonderful day in London with him.

On behalf of North Skelton & Layland could we say thank you to Sylvia Murray for the loving care and time she put into looking after St Peter's Church. We all wish you happiness, Sylvia, in your new home. N

Norma (Tel: 01287 653853)

Letterbox

Dear Ed

I often remember the good old days in the early 50's when every Tuesday night, from 7pm until 10.30pm, Marjorie Harrison, Dorothy and Kath Robinson, myself and a few others used to go dancing at the old Skelton Institute to the sounds of the Silver Star Band - they were a family who lived down Saltburn Lane. We thought we were the 'bees knees', all done up, our hair with a little Bill Haley 'kiss curl' at the front and 4½ yards in our twirling skirts. On our legs we used 6d worth of leg make up, bought from Kingston's Chemist at Skelton.

The dance hall was lovely - all around the walls were murals painted by Frank Taylor from Skelton High Street. In the middle of the room was a giant 'spot ball' from which shone lots of coloured lights. When we danced, all the other lights were switched off, so that the effect of the coloured lights could be seen reflected on the walls and all around us.

I think our favourite dance was called 'The Progressive' - we danced in a large ring, all the men on the inside and the girls on the outside. "Two in, two out, two to the right, turn round and change partners!" We got to dance with all the fellows - some were fat, some were thin, some were old, some were young - but it didn't matter, we loved it all. We danced and we danced. No alcohol or fights, just happy, happy times. The kids today don't know what they missed. If only those days could come back.

We haven't even got the Institute any more as it was pulled down two years ago. It's a shame, but we still have our memories and one thing's for sure - they can't take them away from us!

Yours truly

'Sylvia Ward, Kath & Dorothy Robinson and Marjorie Harrison (Girls and teenagers of the 50's)

Ann Puts A Sock In It!

Ann Adams (Ann Hutchinson of 'Curly Tops' to all of us) was mystified - she had bought her son, David, seven new pairs of socks for Christmas, and here it was in March and not a new pair of socks in sight.

"David, where's all your new socks?" cried Ann.

"I dunno," replied David.

And so the mystery grew.

One day Ann's brother, Dave, decided to get rid of his Mother's treadle sewing machine. It was in one of her bedrooms but was too heavy to get downstairs without help so Dave shouted of Ann. She walked into the bedroom and to her surprise, there on the bed were the seven pairs of missing socks.



David had slept at his Grandma's on a Friday night and she had washed his socks but he'd forgotten to take them home.

The problem now was getting the heavy sewing machine down the stairs. Ann popped the socks into the sewing machine drawer

and, after a lot of huffing and puffing, between them they managed to get it outside near to Dave's van.

"Ann, when I say lift, heave it up into the van," Dave asked.

They managed and off it went to Saltburn Salerooms where it was sold 'socks and all'!

Ann had forgotten to take them back out of the drawer, so if anyone out there bought a treadle sewing machine, have a look in the drawer and if there are seven pairs of socks, please can Ann's lad have them back! N



The 'Bees Nest'

The 'Bees' first appeared 4 years ago whilst Andrea Johnston (nee Main) was sat on her patio. "It was like a black cloud coming towards me. The noise was deafening."

Andrea grabbed her chair and ran in, closing all doors and windows. The 'Bees' finally settled in next door neighbours', David and Julie Clements, apple tree in the back garden.

Luckily, her other neighbour, Dave Whymann and his dad Stan, have many years' experience keeping bees. They managed to gather the swarm and take it away.

For the following couple of years

the 'Bees' came back settling in David Clements' chimney pot. He had the chimney 'pointed up' thinking that would cure the problem - it didn't. This year, as the weather warmed up, the 'Bees' could be seen in their thousands, swarming around the chimney. Then David and Andrea noticed that the 'Bees' were even coming down the chimney and into their living rooms. They both tried to seal any gaps in their fireplace where the 'Bees' might gain access but to no avail.

The problem worsened - Andrea got stung and one morning there were so many of the 'Bees' crawling on her carpet she ran for the vacuum cleaner and hoovered them up. Julie had them crawling along

her living room window sills and when she moved her settee she found dozens of them underneath.

It became horrendous for her - Julie is frightened by a single insect, never mind hundreds! She gave David an ultimatum - either the 'Bees' went or she and her daughter Laura would!

David got out a copy of 'Yellow Pages' and sent for

Gerard Whelpdale, a pest controller. He arrived at 8.30 am on 17th July and in full protective clothing he scaled the roof and began to slowly scoop out the 'honeycomb'. The comb reached 2 foot long



The 'Bee - Team' - Andrea, Julie with Laura, David and Gerard

down the chimney and would house an estimated colony of 40,000 to 50,000 bees! Unbelievable, but true.

He then informed them that this particular swarm was only small compared to others that he'd dealt with!

The 'Bees' have gone now but they weren't the only wildlife that had taken residence in David's house. A bird had nested in a hole in one of David's walls where a missing brick hadn't been replaced - this caused a lot of minor problems. Later a bat also made its home there. Once again problems arose.

By now, David and Julie realised that their house was certainly living up to its name - THE NEST!

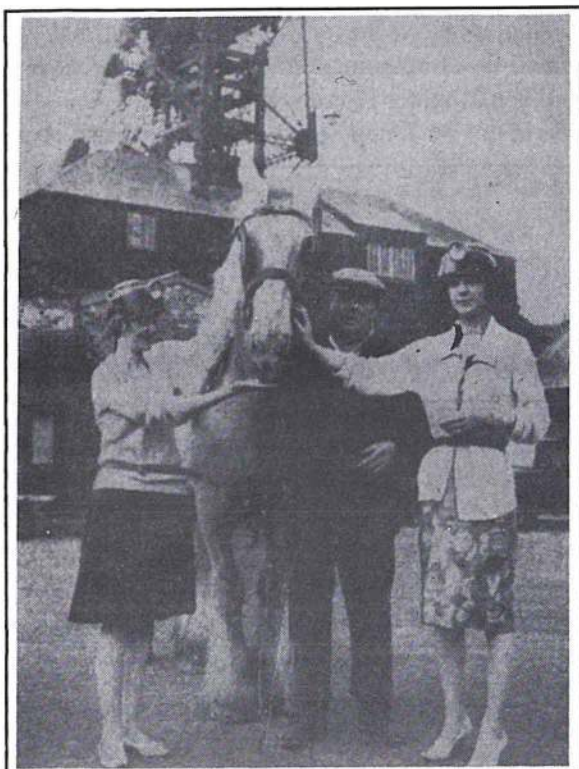
True or False?

- 1 China is the world's biggest egg producer
- 2 USA is the world's biggest wine producer
- 3 Germany is the world's biggest beer producer
- 4 Rice is the staple diet of $\frac{2}{3}$ of the world's population.
- 5 Marilyn Monroe failed a screen test at the age of 16 because of puppy fat and spots.
- 6 Bamboo can grow 3 feet in one day.
- 7 The Black Death of 1348-49 killed at least $\frac{1}{2}$ the population of Europe.
- 8 Stage star Michael Crawford was originally Michael Dumble-Smith.
- 9 The Labour Party was founded in 1896.
- 10 Concentration Camps were first used by the British during the second Boer War.

Answers

1 True 2 False (France) 3 False (USA) 4 False ($\frac{1}{3}$) 5 False (Brigitte Bardot) 6 True 7 False ($\frac{1}{4}$) 8 True 9 False (1906) 10 True

Taffy, The Last Pit Horse in Cleveland



Taffy, the last working pit horse in Cleveland, after his final day's work with left to right: Miss Dorothy Johnson, Mr Jack Barkla and Miss Clova Nelson
Taffy had two week's rest before being sold as a work horse

My first job after leaving college at the age of 16 was in the office at North Skelton Mine where I worked until the closure in 1964. I well remember the day the last working horse, Taffy, was brought to the surface after his last day's work prior to being replaced by an underground tractor. He was a 15 year-old grey who came to North Skelton from Loftus Mine in 1959

Many years ago there were as many as 600 horses in the Cleveland Mines and in 1940 there were 103 in North Skelton Mine alone. In about 1950, underground locomotives were introduced and by the late 50's only Taffy had not been replaced.

Although I only worked there for less than three years, I look back with fondness on the wonderful community spirit. (I particularly remember Emily Dauncey's cakes we used to have with our coffee breaks!)

I was lucky enough to go underground at North Skelton, Lingdale and Kilton Mines (where my Dad, Rob Johnson, was an Overman)

Dorothy Pell (nee Johnson)

Pub & Clubs

For this issue my travels took me to Skelton Green. These days there are two well known pubs in the village - The Miners Arms and the Green Inn. However, until recently there were also The New Inn and the Workingmen's Club.

The Miners Arms had attracted my attention since doing some research in the historical directories. All the other pubs had their licensees listed as 'Victualler', but the occupation of the landlord of the Miners Arms was listed as 'Beer and Wine Retailer'. This led me to believe that the establishment was originally an alehouse. Some confirmation of this may be seen in an old photograph taken between the wars and displayed on the wall of the pub and advertising 'Vaux Ales and Stouts'. No mention is made of Wines and Spirits for sale and I presume that for many years it did not have a full licence. The first record of its existence was in 1880, leading me to assume that it was built in the heyday of Skelton when the Duke William, Bull's Head and Wharton Arms were built. The pub was at one time in the hands of one Benjamin Seaman whose family reigned from 1913 to at least 1937 - surely a local record for long stay. Little change has been made to the premises these days except that the fireplaces have been removed to make room for central heating and the old kitchens, which used to provide food for customers have been demolished to extend the Pool Room. One customer remembers about thirty years ago having his first pint pulled by the landlady at the time with a cigarette in her mouth and a black cat lying on the bar. Licensing regulations have changed since then!

The New Inn in Cleveland Street closed for trade in the late 1960's but was not demolished until some ten years later. Regular weekly dances had been held in the upstairs function room which also included a coffee bar to cater for the younger people. Those were the days of Jive and Rock 'n Roll and so heavy was the beat of dancing feet that they often caused the lights to go out downstairs!

In March 1979, a Vaux tanker ran into drifting snow whilst climbing the bank on Green Road. There it remained stuck for three or four days and the draymen were given lodging at the Club. When the local lads heard of the mishap they took the opportunity of climbing up and opening the tank from the top. Using great ingenuity, they dangled empty bottles on string and filled them with beer. It was a time of great happiness!

I am sure there would have been an unparalleled opportunity for Ealing Studios to make a film and give it the title 'Beer Galore!'

Gordon Fowler

The Lamps

"Them's good worr'ums Dad," said little Ed
 "Aye, they're body builders is them Ed. They're out of 'is allotment next door, but say nowt 'cos if she gets to know the'll be 'ell on!" replied Davy
 He couldn't wait until tomorrow - Terry Marsay was taking him, Gus and Lockner two miles off Skinninggrove on a day's fishing trip. He was all ready - his fishing tackle was in good nick and his worms were as fat as a boxer's arm

Dawn broke, Tilly was up first - she wanted to wave Davy off. All at once there was an ear-splitting scream and Davy ran downstairs. His mouth opened wide when he saw what had happened. The bucket was empty and worms were everywhere - the back kitchen floor was covered and they were wriggling all over

Tilly was dancing up and down shouting
 "Davy, 'a feel sick! I 'aven't any slippers on an' they're crawlin all overver mi' feet!"

"Now then, Tilly, calm down. T' worr'ums is on'y playin' leapfrog - yer won't be shoutin' when 'a come 'ome wi' two stone o' cod!"

The pipping of Lockner's car horn was the signalled that they were off. Davy jumped in the back and his face dropped. Locky and Gus were in the front but sat in the back were his arch rivals. Murphy and Tabby - the day was spoilt

There wasn't a lump of good red meat between them as with a smirk on their faces they said in unison, "Mornin' Davy!"

Davy was livid. "If a'd known you two were goin a' would 'ave backed out.

Again they replied together, "Shurrup an' ger' in!"
 T' sea's flat an' we've gor' a crate o' Brown Ale in t' boot."

Terry was already at Skinninggrove when the lads arrived. Soon they were pushing the boat out, then they all jumped in, Terry started the motor and before long they were a couple of miles out to sea Terry dropped anchor and out came all the fishing gear. They cast out their lines and began to fish with serious determination



It wasn't long before someone shouted, "Right, lads, let's 'ave breakfast - a bottle of Brown Ale and a sharve of Tilly's home made bread and pork fat wi' some brown juice overver t' top, from t' bottom of t' tin!"

By now Gus, was reeling them in. Locky had another Brown Ale in his hand and as he said, "It fits mi' 'and better than t' rod does!"

Murphy and Tabby were lifting haddocks as big as both their gobs put together - and that's big!

Davy couldn't believe it - he hadn't had a single bite. He was gutted and was starting to feel a bit queasy. Of course, Murphy couldn't keep his mouth shut. "What's up, Davy? 'Ave yer worr'ums gone unconscious?" . . . Yer lookin' a bit green an' all!"

Davy felt awful and Tabby couldn't resist. "Gus, pass Captain Cook a fat bacon sandwich, will yer?"

That did it. Davy heaved over the side. He was really sick. Minutes passed and Davy thought he was dying. He shouted to Terry, "If you lot don't turn this boat round a' tek' me back. a'll ger' out an' walk!"

Terry did and, making sure Davy was alright, left him on the beach and went back out. However, not before Tabby laughed and shouted, "Davy, you're

sat there like a fish out o' watter!"

It cut Davy to the quick - he'd never live this down.

Davy headed up the beach into Skinninggrove and suddenly had a brainwave. When he finally got home he gave a parcel to Tilly. "There yer are Tilly Fresh cod, already filleted - get t' pan on!"

Tilly's eyes nearly popped out of her head. "Davy, never in mi' born days 'ave a' seen a cod straight out of t' sea already FRIED AND BATTERED!"

"Ell's bells, a've picked t' wrong bag up in Skinni' chippy. . . Er, . . . Tilly, come 'ere an' sit out on t' back step while a' tell yer a FISHERMAN'S TALE! An' while yer at it put a pan o' chips on . an' Tilly, say nowt, cos if 'ord Norm gets 'old o' this story she'll mek' me look a right COD 'EAD!"

Ed - Now Davy, would I do that . . . ?

Not as long as you catch me a pair of Whitby Kippers next time off!

N

Life Was A Cabaret in Greece!

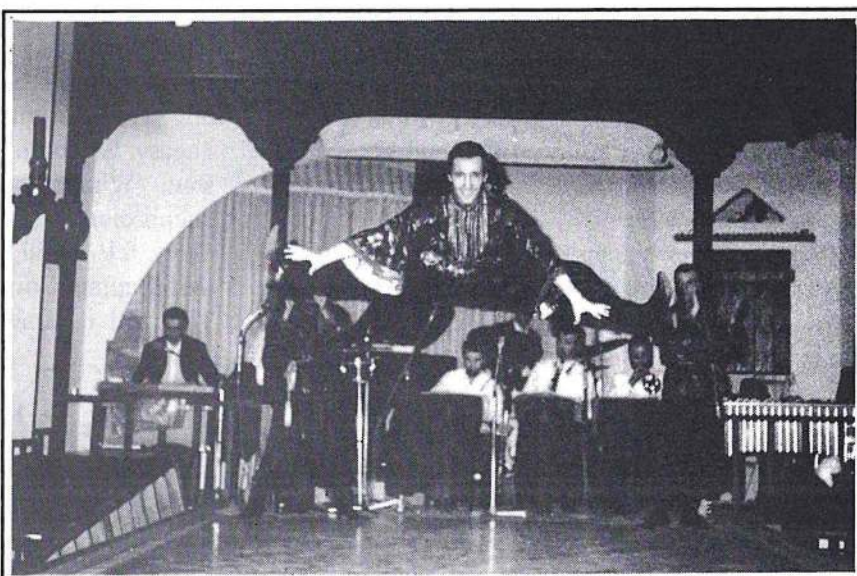
by Brian Payne

The middle 60's saw me in Athens. The Summer Club had finished but I got work in the 'Plaka' (the old part of Athens) - I danced under the name of 'Yanni'.

After staying with friends one night near The Palace we awoke to find our way barred by soldiers - the country had been taken over in a coup! How exciting, I thought, the adventurous spirit in me rising again. However, I didn't realise that this was the end of my dancing and wages.

I shared a flat with Gayna, a fellow dancer, near to the Hilton Hotel which the 'Junta' used as their headquarters. We had bird's eye views from our balcony of what was going on - we felt sorry for all the soldiers who didn't really know what it was all about. We gave them sweets, etc. for which they were very grateful.

At that time, all Greek men had to have their hair cut very short and mine happened to be very long! Many times I found myself being ambushed and threatened by 'gun-toting' soldiers. Trying to

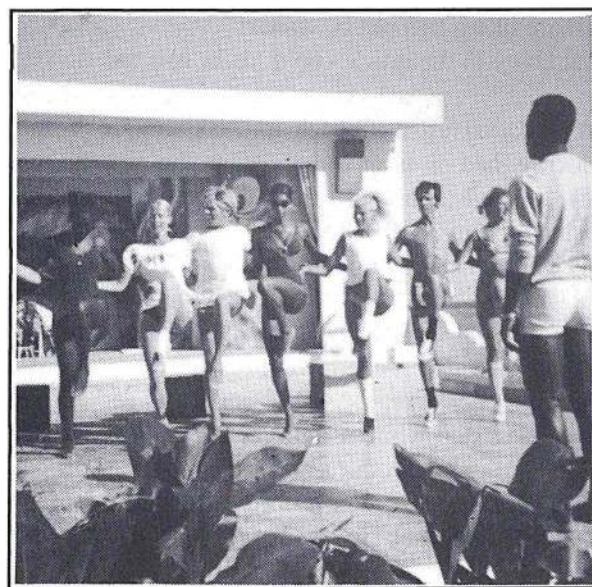


*Working at the 'Palia-Athena' night club
in the 'Plaka' area of Athens 1970 - 1971*

explain to them that I wasn't a Greek, but that I was in the theatre, proved very difficult. I stayed another 8 weeks to perform in an opera but, frighteningly, some of our company had been arrested and taken to an island of detention.

I found Greece a very exciting place to work and being employed at The Club Neriada, which is situated right on the edge of the sea, I experienced many thrills and saw lots of V.I.P.'s. One of these happened to be Jackie Onassis who was celebrating her 40th birthday. She was dressed all in black and appeared very plain. Everyone seemed to be enjoying themselves until about 3am when it all went wrong. The 'paparazzi' swarmed in and all hell was let loose. Some people went over the wall into the Aegean Sea - nobody wanted to be photographed, least of all Jackie.

Prince Magic, a favourite son of King Fiesal of Arabia, and 'filthy rich', lived in Glyfida. He was a



*Rehearsing at Club Neriada
in Kalamaki near Athens - 1970*

regular visitor to the Club - always to 'eye up' the ladies. He was a very friendly person and you can imagine what a thrill it was to ride in his 'stretch limousine'.

Local lads used to vault over the sea wall or climb in through the loo window, then hide at the back to view our cabaret. I loved helping them for they lived a world apart from our way of life.

Our agent was sent from Hell! He was horrendous to us - we all heard that Beirut had been bombed, so where did he send us for 3 weeks - Beirut! There were many do's and dont's here and personal papers were a must. But oh, how I loved the city - such wonderment. Now it saddens me to see all the destruction. I made a lovely friend called Jackie Mann - he was later taken hostage along with Terry Waite, John McArthey and other unfortunate people. He was a quiet man with a passion for horses. We spent many hours together. His wife, Sonny, was just the opposite - quite a gay lady but very loyal. Jackie was a typical English gentleman, yet his love for Beirut kept him there.

After the Club finished we all went to visit Cedars, famous for its trees and ski slopes. It was situated way up in the mountains and felt like 100 degrees below freezing to me! We didn't stay long, for the journey was through difficult mountainous terrain where people lived their lives in caves looking after sheep and goats.

Travelling further along the coast, to my delight, I found pals dancing in the famous Casino. Eventually, I worked in two clubs. One, The Casba, was alright, but the boss of the other was a heavy gambler and on a bad night, when the cards didn't fall right, he'd scream "Get rid of that troupe," or "put them on half pay!" Several years later our 'agent from Hell' was shot dead - there were many who had just cause.

If we thought we had been hard done by we were to be proved wrong - our next port of call was Teheran, Persia

N

(to be continued)

Them That Never 'Ave Nowt'

The world is made up of various folk
Of that there is no doubt
Some are well off, others manage OK
And then there are them that 'ave nowt'

We all know someone who says they have all
The things in life that they need
Posh house, new cars, they show them all off
But most of it's only greed

Material things are what matter to them
They think that's what life's all about
But I bet they're not half as happy as those
Who never seem to 'ave nowt'

When next door gets something they want one too
Why bother what others have got?
Just get what you need, get on with your life
Who cares what you have or have not?

"We've had a posh meal at a restaurant"
"With candles and wine", they shout
I'd rather go down to the local pub
For a pint with them that 'ave nowt'

They help themselves, not others
To the things in life that they want
No-one else matters, they all say the same
"Look after number one"

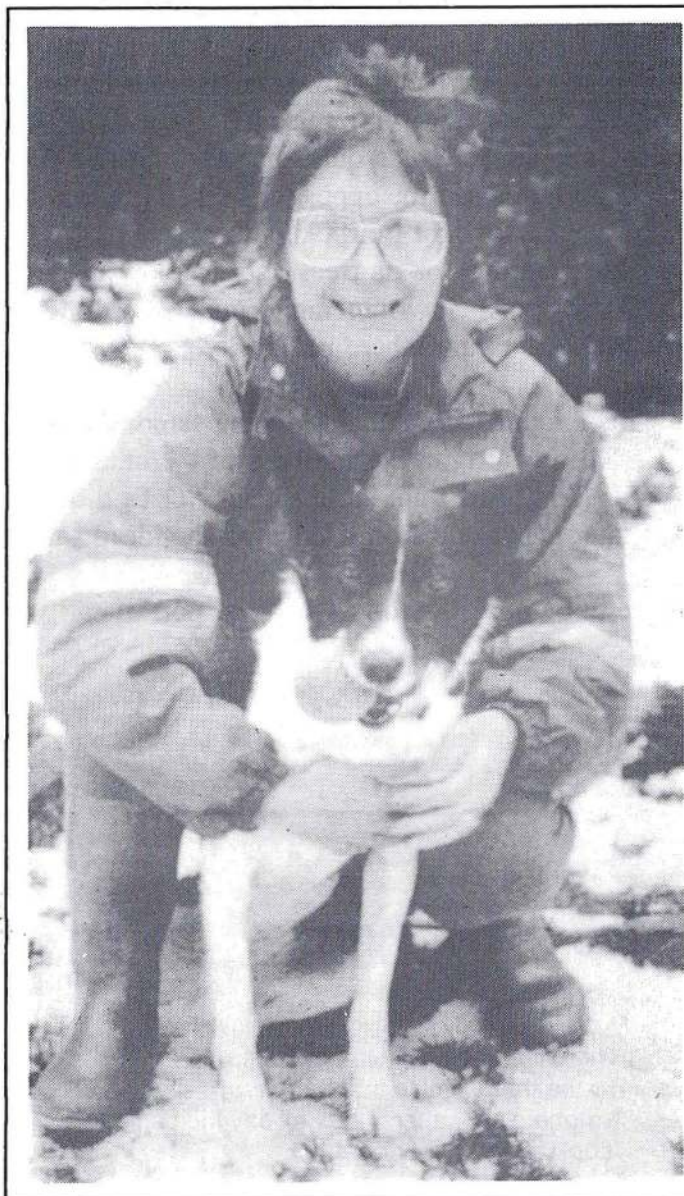
Not like in the old days when everyone else
Used to help each other out
Folk did without to help their friends
Even though they never 'ad nowt'

'We went to Barbados for Christmas'
"We'll cruise the Med' in the Spring"
They never shut up, do they?
But it doesn't mean a thing

'Cos when things get tough and the bills pile up
That's when they'll all find out
That the one's who don't seem worried one bit
Are them that never 'ave nowt'

DB

Judith & Jayne Go 'Flyballing' To Crufts



Judith & her dog Jayne ready for Crufts

Flyball is a relatively new dog game to this country. It was first demonstrated at Crufts in 1990 and was officially recognised by the Kennel Club that same year. It has taken place at Crufts ever since.

Flyball consists of a team of four dogs. Each dog has to jump four small hurdles to reach what is called the 'box'. The dog then triggers a pedal which releases a tennis ball which is caught by the dog. After returning over the hurdles to the finishing line the next dog is then released. This procedure is followed by all four dogs and the winner is the first team back to successfully complete the course. Flyball is run as a 'best of three' knockout contest.

Training and obedience

Any breed of dog can take part in Flyball provided they can retrieve a ball and jump the small hurdles. Training starts on a lead but you still need basic obedience.

To qualify to run at Crufts, the team must qualify in one of the heats which are held at shows up and down the country. There are only sixteen teams that actually get through to compete at Crufts.

My dog, Jayne, runs for Wilton Flyball team and I have seen all four dogs complete the course in about 26 seconds so you can imagine how fast, furious and exciting it is for both dogs and handlers.

1996 was my first visit to Crufts with the team when we were knocked out in the semi-finals. This year, however, we went right through to the grand final and came second.

So well done to the dogs and handlers!

Judith Freeman (nee Crossman)



Sponsorship Wanted!

My name is Carole Bishop-White and I live at 7 Harebell Close, North Skelton. You may be familiar with my Mum, Cynthia White, nee Templeman, who used to live on Holmbeck Road, North Skelton. I am running in the Great North Run on 14th September '97 in aid of the Dian Fossey Gorilla Fund.

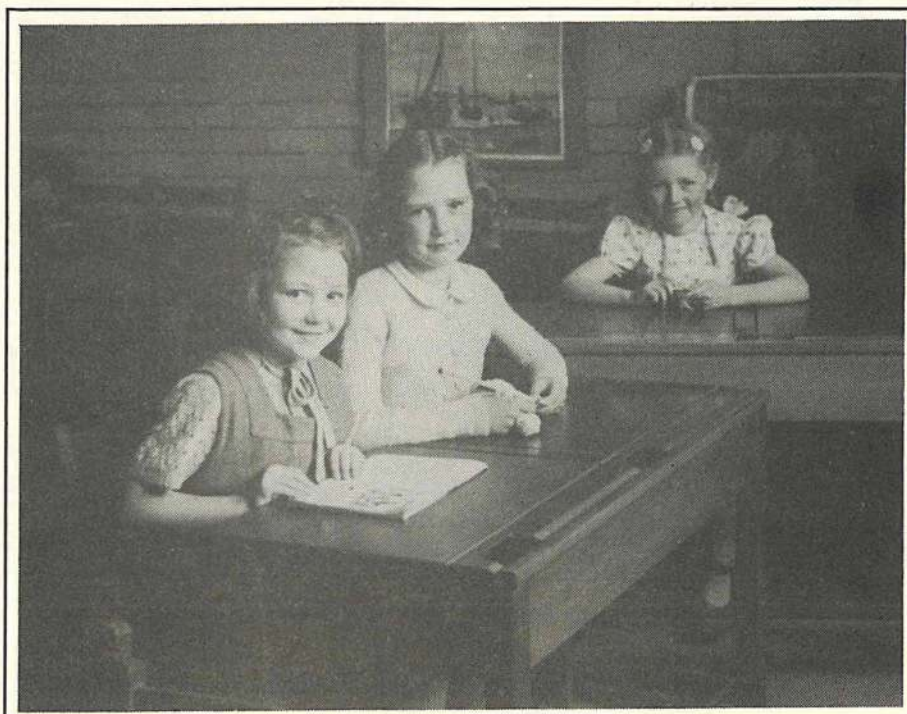
If you have ever seen the film 'Gorillas in the Mist', starring Sigourney Weaver, you'll have an idea what the fund is all about. There are fewer than 650 mountain gorillas left

in the world - they can only be found in Rwanda, Zaire and Uganda and are threatened by war, poaching and habitat destruction.

Thanks to the work of the Dian Fossey Gorilla Fund their numbers have slowly been increasing over the years but they still remain on the verge of extinction.

If you can help me with any sponsorship offers I would love to hear from you. My telephone number is 01287 654447

PHOTO GALLERY



'Little School', North Skelton (Now 'Betterhome' DIY)
L. to R. - Maureen Palmer, Susan Harrison, Kathleen Taberner



North Skelton Workingmans Club Committee
Back Row L. to R. - H Thompson, J Dennis, A Batterbee, N Carter, A Straun
Front Row L. to R. - A Templeman, H Smurthwaite, B Barwick, C May



Stanghow Lane School 'Russian Dance Group'

*Back Row L. to R. - M Lowe, W Green, J Dent, T Richards, S Harrison, T Scott,
S Thurlow, R Robinson, J Simpson, R Saunders, P Smith, O Laffey
Front Row L. to R. - I Garrett, S Payne, P Bonnard*



Stanghow Lane School - mid 1950's

*Back Row L. to R. - W Pratt, J White, J Hewlett, R Robinson, J Peacock, M Yates,
R Saunders, B Cuthbertson, L Pearson
Middle Row L. to R. - A Duck, R Fletcher, R Garrett, D Pearson, M Agar,
W Harrison, J Walker, J Smith, M Bainbridge, P Pearson, W Green, B Mogridge,
A Gosling, F Anthill
Front Row L. to R. - J Smith, H Harding, S Endeen, E Fowler, O Carter,
Joe Reid (Teacher), P Young, M Dixon, A Bonnard, -?-, M Simpson*



'Factory Lasses'

L. to R. - Mrs Miller, Ann -?-, Audrey Bennison, Phylis Pearson, Ivy Hood, Norma Kettlewell, Heather Kettlewell, Margaret Hood



***Do you recognise anyone on this photo?
Joe Coates lent it to us - his late wife, Norah, is sitting in the
front row, far right.
He doesn't know anyone else in the picture nor the occasion.
If you know any more please contact us.***



The above photograph was published in the 'North Eastern Weekly News', Friday 3rd March, 1950

*Head boy, Eric Sturman, and head girl, Dorothy Appleton, proudly show off the cups to their schoolmates
at Stanghow Lane School.*

*The trophies had been donated by the Skelton Industrial Estate Tenants Asociation for competition
in athletic events.*

My Happy Memories of Nurse Wardhaugh

by Nurse Thirling

Alice Wardhaugh resident of North Skelton for almost a lifetime. A little 'bod' with a sharp sense of humour, she formerly lived with Mrs Boothby, whose front room used to be the 'calling point' for the doctors. Mrs B was frequently asked questions as if medical knowledge had rubbed off on her! People would also enquire "Who is it today, Stivvy or Kirky?" (The two resident doctors at the time, Dr Stevenson and Dr Kirkpatrick).

Due to family changes, Alice moved on to stay with Mrs Annie Austin and family - an equally comfortable home and once again a member of the family.

We all have our faults but Alice had two which bothered us all - she was a heavy smoker and had an increasing reluctance to get out of bed each day.

We worked together a lot - Alice knew all my patients and I knew all hers. This made it much easier when one of us was on holiday. I remember once, though, how chagrined she was when I sneaked one of her 'baby cases' very near to her own bedroom. I was only out 3 hours and had cups of tea and breakfast there as well!

Her wit was always dry and was accompanied by a smile. On knocking on the door of an 80 year-old lady she was stopped by a rather inquisitive person.

"Why are you visiting Mrs A.?" came the question.

"She's pregnant!" Alice replied.

We were good friends and always worked together as a team. With hindsight, I realised she was, on retirement, showing signs of the disease which dogged her in her last years when she moved away to live with her sister.

Coincidentally, Alice died on the same day as Annie Austin but in different hospitals.

K Thirling



Christmas Messages



Have you a friend or a relative to whom you would like to send a Christmas message? If so, for only £2.00 we will print up to 20 words in the Xmas Edition of 'The Key'. All money raised will go into the funding of our magazine.

Contact Norma Templeman, 7 Bolckow Street, North Skelton. Tel: 01287 653853

Happy 40th Birthday Julie!

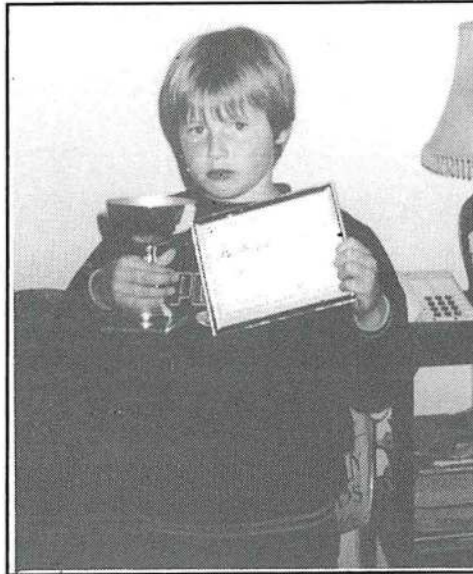
One of North Skelton's colourful characters celebrates her 40th birthday on 17th August. Happy Birthday to you

Julie Green.

It was a secret - it's not now!

Radek's Quick Thinking

Eight year-old Radek Tokarski of Bolckow Street, North Skelton, woke up one lovely May morning this year never realising that before the day was over he would be awarded a certificate of courage.



Radek is proud of his award

Radek turned over in bed and asked his Mum for a drink but she couldn't answer him. All her words were slurred or as Radek said "She was talking real funny!" He knew something was wrong and realised he had to get help. He ran down stairs in his

pyjamas to the front door. He put the key in the keyhole but it wouldn't turn. He tried and tried but it wouldn't budge so he climbed onto the windowsill to open a window. Unfortunately the latch was stuck.

What was he to do? He looked round and ran to the patio doors, his little heart in his mouth. He turned the key and 'click', they opened, but his ordeal wasn't over yet. Immediately in front of the patio doors is an enclosure with an 8 feet high wire fence surrounding it. The only opening was a 10 inch square hole behind a bird table the purpose of which enabled birds access to feed on the table.

Radek had come this far but he desperately needed to get help for his Mum. He climbed onto the bird table and swung his legs through the small gap. He then wriggled his body through and dropped onto a brick wall. He jumped down and ran as fast as he could to the top of the street for his Gran. She went back down with him but they hit another problem - they couldn't get a key in the lock because Radek had left the key in on the inside.

Once again the brave little lad climbed the wall, scrambled through the tiny gap in the fence, jumped down from the bird table and ran into the house. He took the key from the lock and pushed it through the letter box to his Gran. As soon as she saw his Mum she called the doctor but fate was still against them for he couldn't come for an hour. She therefore called an ambulance and Karen was taken to hospital.

Thankfully, the proud Mum was not as seriously ill as at first thought. What does she think of her son now? In her own words, "I couldn't believe it when they told me what he'd done to get help I'm very proud of him - he's a brave little lad."

Radek was awarded the Skelton Junior School Headteacher's Award and held the Silver Cup for a week.

WELL DONE RADEK!

N

North Skelton's Air-Raid Shelter

At the beginning of World War 2 a major concern to the authorities was the protection of the population from air attacks. In addition to an air-raid warning system (who can forget the sound of the sirens?), air-raid shelters were regarded as essential. Some people built their own, some huddled under the stairs while others didn't even bother. North Skelton had a communal shelter for those who wished to use it.



At the entrance of a culvert at North Skelton which has been converted into an air-raid shelter.

From L. to R: Mrs Rose Harrison, Mrs Edie Kitchener, Mrs Helena Berwick with Anne in her arms, possibly Mrs Kath Barker, Ethel Harrison, Mrs Minnie May, Mrs Rose Smith, Mr Porte, David Gosling
Children at front: Dennis Booth, -?- , -?-

At the bottom of Richard Street a field known locally as 'The Park' slopes steeply down to Holme Beck, which passes through a culvert under the railway line. In 1940 a small bridge crossed the beck and led to a beautifully kept garden, owned by Mr Will Bean. The culvert itself was a dark, cold place, its walls covered with moss and slime. It snaked under the railway embankment to the other side, emerging near 'The Slack' field. It was stoutly built of stone and brick, affording ideal protection from German bombs.

Work started on a series of steps leading down the steepest sections of 'The Park' to create a safe passage to the tunnel. Pit props, planks, posts and sandbags created a protected entrance, whilst inside, a plank floor was put in place and wooden benches were attached to the sides to provide seating. Those who didn't have a seat had to sit on the floor, a couple of feet above the cold, running water. People brought their own lighting - torches, candles, lamps - but there was no heating so warm clothes were essential.

Despite the darkness, cold and damp the air-raid shelter was a surprisingly cheerful place. Kids loved it. They prayed for the air-raids to continue past midnight because then they need not be in school until ten o'clock next morning! Community spirit flourished as people shared their flasks of tea and sandwiches. Jokes were told and many a song was sung. George (Towney) Tremaine entertained with his melodeon and organised competitions with prizes for the children. I remember winning a jar of Brylcreem. The irrepressible Sid Tremaine was always good for a chorus of 'Golden Earrings', often, it is said, with peanuts dangling from his ears. When the 'all clear' sounded we regarded it as another adventure over with more to come.

The greatest drawback of the culvert was its distance from such parts of the village as Holmbeck Road or the top of Bolckow Street so many people didn't use it. Nevertheless, the children attending the village school had to had to practise their air-raid procedures. At the beginning of the war we simply put on our gas masks and crouched under our desks. After the shelter was built we walked from the school, over the field near Layland Bridge, across the top of Mr Bean's garden and down into the tunnel. The exposure to danger of the children and their teachers during a daylight air-raid was eventually recognised and a brick shelter was constructed in the school playground. The teacher would herd us into the pitch black, windowless building when some unfortunate child was designated to sit next to her, shining a lamp on the pages of her book as she read to us, while the rest lurked in the darkest corners bent on mischief! Later still, brick shelters appeared in William and Wharton Streets.

There were several instances which confirmed the necessity for such protection. On one occasion, a German aircraft jettisoned a stick of bombs near 'Mucky Lane', the blast blowing out windows on Holmbeck Road. The aeroplane crashed into a field near East Pastures Farm, narrowly missing the pit head on its way down. A crowd of villagers tramped through the farmyard - to Mrs Robinson's dismay - to view the wreckage. The big, black crosses on the wings were clear evidence that the war was not far away from us.

One afternoon, some time later, a German bomber flew low over Railway Terrace following the railway line to Saltburn and the sea. As it did so it came into contact with North Skelton's air defence system. At the top of 'The Park' a machine gun emplacement had been erected by the Home Guard. It was merely a ring of sand bags with a pit prop embedded in the ground at the centre. A Lewis machine gun was the armament and luckily it was in place. George Berwick, who commanded the Home Guard, was checking the mounting. As the aircraft flew over the culvert towards the railway station he fired half a magazine at it but because none of his bullets were tracers he couldn't follow his shot. However, he was convinced that some of his rounds found their target. Who knows? Maybe the village made its mark on the war that day!

Colin Berwick



Photo Response

We had a tremendous response to the photo to the left which was published in Edition 17 of 'The Key'.

We now know the names of all six 'characters'. They are:

Back Row L. to R. - Bill Marley, Mr Cummings, Mr Padgett

Front Row L. to R. - Mr Beadle, Mr Peaston, Mr Leeks

More Memories of Ground Hill

by Betty Swainston

Thank you Norma for all the kind comments you passed on to Ralph to be relayed back to me concerning the article about Ground Hill in the last edition of 'The Key' and also for asking me to write a follow-up.

I came home in April for a visit and was amazed by the number of people who said they had really enjoyed the article on Ground Hill. In the first part I wrote about the people who lived at Ground Hill and grew up with me but there are quite a few others who deserve a mention.

I was woken up early last week by a phone call from Australia - my sister, Dorothy, had just received 'The Key'! She loved reading it but was a bit upset, to say the least, and wanted to know why some of the people she had known weren't mentioned in it.

Starting with Mr and Mrs Alf Hodgson, their son Billy and daughter Violet - they moved to Lingdale.

Mr and Mrs Carter (Bella Evans) - she was my godmother who later moved to Trouthall Lane.

Mr and Mrs Booth and their sons Ron and Dennis - they moved to North Skelton.



Beattie and Jack Young

Our Mam and Dad, Beattie and Jack Young, son Lenny, daughter Dot and baby Betty. Dad was killed in North Skelton Mine. Mam re-married Ralph Brown. We then moved to North Skelton where tragedy struck again. North Skelton Mine took away Mam's second husband and our new Dad.

To the best of my knowledge most of the men from Ground Hill were miners. Nearly all of them worked at North Skelton Mine. Two of them died there - my dad Jack Young and Mr Antill. I can remember as a girl going to the pit top to get pork pies that were provided for the miners during rationing. I also used to collect the carbide to recharge the lamps that my uncle and cousins used in the mine. Later, for safety's sake, electric battery lamps were introduced.

Numerous tradesmen used to call at Ground Hill. Steve Smith was our coalman - he came once a fortnight. He used to give all the kids a ride on his lorry to the bottom of the lane - what a treat, no-one had cars then! Mr Bonas was our milkman - he was the brother of the Headmaster of Stanghow Lane School. I can't remember having a paperboy - I believe we used to collect them ourselves. We got the Daily Herald, My Weekly and the Beano. I know I used to go to Mr and Mrs Burluraux's house next door to the Co-Op to pay for them.

One person I remember well was Mr Batterby - he came to kill and butcher the pigs that Uncle Ed used to breed for food. Ringtons' tea was delivered by pony and trap. Mr Sherwood was the insurance man. We had a lady who collected money for the Doctors - no National Health Service then, but I'm sure Dr Kirkpatrick and Dr Stevenson were worth the money we paid them!



**Marian Hodgson &
Betty Young**

A fruit and vegetable man came but I'm afraid his name won't come to mind. In the early days we had 'dry toilets'. Then Mr Watson, our landlord, decided to 'do us up' - no bathrooms, central heating or double glazing, but we did end up with a flush toilet at the end of our very own yard. So it was goodbye to the wagon that came to empty the 'dry toilets'.

I wonder how many can remember the wonderful days we spent up Boosbeck fields. We would set off very early with a couple of jam sandwiches and a bottle of water. We used to make a dam in the beck and have a lovely time. I can't see today's kids enjoying such simple pleasures. As we got a little older we visited the cinema - Boosbeck mostly. I have to thank Aunt Jane (Hodgson) again for providing me with the shilling it cost to get in. Then there were the dances at Lingdale, Skelton and North Skelton - the village dances were enjoyed by all.

Every kid who lived at Ground Hill must remember Uncle Tom Chapman - he was a great walker. Every Saturday morning he would set off and anyone who was over 5 years old could go with him. He reckoned if you went to school you could make it. I have seen us walk to Castleton and Liverton Mines. Lockwood Beck was a doddle! Every one of the Ground Hill kids were free spirits - we wandered at will. The Gill was another of our favourite spots. Also the Quakers burial ground and the little chapel in the middle of the field - after dark this was a definite place to avoid. Going to Mr Bowers' fish and chip shop for supper was a thing we hated as the afore mentioned burial site had to be passed in the dark!

Most of us attended Chapel at North Skelton and we loved dressing in our finery for the Sunday School anniversary to say our pieces. How many can recall the show we did at Skelton Castle. Every child in the school had a part. Our Ralph was 'Wee Willie Winkie', Derek Hodgson was 'Tom, Tom, the Piper's son'. I can still remember helping him learn his lines - it went:

*"I told the farmer I was sorry, he said never mind Tom, don't you worry.
Take the pig and feed it well, then for money it will sell".*

I was a gypsy, as were all the girls in my class. The sun shone brightly and a brilliant day was had by all.

Looking back fills me with nostalgia for things that were and never will be again. Good people no longer with us, who made life richer for us, and to those of us that are left, we will always remember the good times we had at Ground Hill!

CURLY TOPS



Unisex Salon

**Competitive Prices &
Special Offers
throughout the year**

Phone 01287 650257

DAVID BROWN (BUTCHER)

**Quality Home Killed Meat
Celebration Pies
made to order & baked
by our own Fair Maids
A good range of our own
cooked & cured meats
Party Trays / Buffet Pies
Savoury Counter &
Delicatessen Counter
Individual Freezer Goodies**

For Home Delivery Tel: 650278

PHIL TABERNER



**Plastering - Artexing - Coving
Guttering - Roofing
All Small Building Work**

14 Tintern Road, New Skelton

Phone 01287 - 650815

Elmora Nurseries



**Growers to the Trade
Open 7 Days
Flowers, Plants
Fruit & Veg**

**Bouquets & Wreaths
made to order**

**Call and see Mario & Staff
for friendly service**

Bull's Head



**Sat 16th Aug - 'Cat Nab'
Fri 22nd Aug - Live Band
Mon 26th Aug - 'Plain English'
Sat 30th Aug - 'Edison's Medicine'
Sat 6th Sept - 'Off the Wall'
Sat 13th Sept - 'Roadhouse'
Sat 20th Sept - 'Outrageous
Wallpaper'
Sat 27th Sept - 'G-Men'
Live Music Every Weekend
and Sunday Night Quiz
Tel: 650624**

Just Opened

Michelle's Beauty Clinic

(inside Hairstop One)

Phone: 01287 650569

**Friendly Professional Service
at Competitive Prices**

**Waxing £3.00 - £9.00
Nails £3.00 - £10.50
Make-Up £7.50 - £16.00
Eyebrows & Tints £2.25 - £8.00
Cleanse, Tone, Moisturise £6.50 - £12.50
Aromatherapy Massage £8.00 - £15.00**

Cleveland Country Store



**Pet Store
Pigeon Corn
Horse & Poultry Feed
Riding Wear
Auto Parts
Open 7 Days
Mon to Sat - 9 am to 5 pm
Sunday - 10 am to 3 pm**

Tel: 01287 651864

Colledge Cabs



**Local Runs
Airports
Nightclubs**

**SAFE, FRIENDLY
SERVICE**

For Competitive Prices

Tel: 01287 622800/622624

Snappy Snacks



**Sandwiches
Hot, Baked Potatoes
Pies & Pasties
Hot Soup, Peas & Beans
Pizzas
Cake & Confectionery
Free Delivery
Tel: 01287 654700**

North Skelton Post Office



**Pay your Gas, Telephone
& Water Bills
Free of Charge**

Tel: 01287 650864

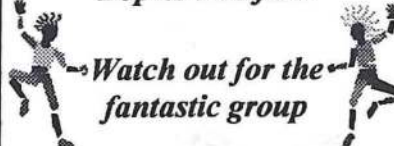
Drive - In Tyre Centre

**Car, Truck, Farm &
Motorcycle Tyre Specialists**

**Punctures &
Computer Wheel Balance**

**Boocock's Garage
North Skelton
Tel: 01287 653222**

**To all you Rock n' Roll,
Bop & Jive fans**



'Bop Street Cadillacs'

**performing once monthly at
The 'Elsinore' &
'Bottom House', Whitby**